

Good Morning 478

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

STUART MARTIN has never written with more power than in this report of how Irene Schroeder, the bad woman, was transfigured in the Death House by her love for one man. They called Irene the Woman Who Didn't Care, and here are Kipling's lines:

A Fool there was, and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair.
They called her the Woman Who Didn't Care,
But the Fool, he called her his lady fair,
(Even as you and I).

Donnie strutted up to the Patrolman and said defiantly: "MY MA KILLED A COP LIKE YOU"

THEY called her "Iron Irene." They called her "The Tiger Girl." They called her The Woman Who Didn't Care, after Kipling's poem.

I, who saw her die in the electric chair, call her none of these. I don't know what to call her, for there was a lump in my throat and a trembling somewhere about my heart as she passed out. And I was not the only one of that small audience in the Death House of Pennsylvania who felt that way.

DO they execute women in the U.S.A.? Oh, yes, just as they execute women here, only we hang them, which is another name for strangulation.

This one, who went to her death on February 23rd, 1931, was the first woman to die strapped to the chair in Pennsylvania. Her name was Irene Schroeder. Her crime—murder! The missing clue that she forgot, the clue that set the police on her trail, was her own four-year-old son.

Ah, Irene forgot her son!

There isn't much to tell of Irene's crime, and that little is sordid enough. She had been married, but she got into a tangle with Glenn Dague, a salesman and Sunday school teacher, who had forgotten his texts and deserted his family in West Virginia.

Nobody rightly knows why, but Irene and her paramour started gangster stuff. They robbed small stores, broke open safes for money, and generally skipped from State to State, always getting away with the thefts—until their last. This is strictly according to the rule of crime.

Irene left her little boy, Donnie, with relatives in West Virginia usually, but this time she took him with her when

she and Dague broke into a shop in Butler, Penn. It was a grocery shop, and the alarm was raised when the burglary was on.

Irene and Dague skipped in the car, but two patrolmen, Corporal Paul and Private Moore, of the highway patrol, saw them flee, and went after them.

In the chase Irene swung round in her car and took pot shots at the police vehicle. She was a good markswoman. She killed Paul and wounded Moore, and that ended the chase for the time being.

But the hunt was only started, for the police knew it was Irene, only the police wanted absolute evidence in order to pin the crime on the two when they were caught. For the Federal authorities had made up their minds that the hunt would last until Irene and Dague were nailed.

First thing Irene did was to take her little boy, Donnie, to the relatives in Virginia; then she and Dague went west.

And that was where Irene made her fatal error, for the cops visited the relatives, and when they were talking to them little Donnie stepped forward,

and, childlike, wanted to show he was a "big feller."

He strutted up to a cop and said defiantly, "My Ma killed a cop like you!" And that statement, with other evidence, got the conviction against the two fugitives.

They were trailed ultimately to Arizona, and cornered. But Irene and Dague were full of fight. They knew it would be their last. They fought it out with a posse of police until their ammunition was expended, and then they were captured.

That is the criminal side of the picture. Now we'll have a look at the human one.

From the day she entered prison Irene was a model prisoner. She was most considerate to the staff and other prisoners. I am telling the simple truth when I say that the matrons became very fond of her. They admitted it.

She was deeply in love with Dague. Never mind whether he was worth it. I am not concerned here with him so much as with Irene.

At the trial, where they both were found guilty of murder in the first degree, she tried time and again to clear him. She wanted to take all the blame on her own shoulders.

But that didn't save Dague, and when they were sent by car to the prison for execution they sat clasping each other's hand, and she talked to him softly to give him comfort.

Come now to that terrible day. Irene slept well during the night before. It was the matron who awakened her in the early morning.

"How are you feeling, Irene?" she asked, for want of something better to say.

"Fine," answered Irene. "Can I do anything for you, Irene?"

The Iron Irene shook her head, then said gently, "Yes, there is something. Tell them in the kitchen to fry Glenn's eggs on both sides. He likes them done that way."

Glenn got his eggs fried on both sides.

I heard all this afterwards from the matron, but meantime we—the Warden, officials, doctor and newspaper men—were waiting in the Death House. Bob Elliott, the executioner, was running over his straps and electrodes.

The grim execution was to take place at 7 a.m., and meantime there was a chaplain with Irene and another with Dague. And then, on the stroke of the hour, the door from the condemned cells opened.

First came Irene, clad in a poorly fitting grey dress, her head held high, her face—oh, her face!

They called her the Iron Woman, they called her the Tiger Girl; but this was no iron woman, no tiger girl. How can I describe her face? Words are not coined to do that.

Have you pictured the face of a saint going to the stake? Have you imagined the ecstatic look in the eyes of a Madonna? Have you contemplated the beatific calm of which Raphael dreamed and which he tried to paint?

A voice rose in that terrible silence. A grave, solemn intonation.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

"He restoreth my soul..."

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life..."

It was the chaplain repeating the 23rd Psalm.

He walked a step in front, head bowed, Bible in his hands. Not a sound in that chamber but the rich intonation.

And on Irene's face a faint smile broke, a faint smile that seemed like the dawn coming through clouds.

I never saw a smile like that before; nor since.

I never saw a smile so peaceful, so non-earthly, so patient. No defiance in it, no bravado. No iron there, no tiger. Oh, Irene, Irene! A guard was on either side

of her. Tramp, tramp, tramp. Irene never saw them, never saw anybody; but knew everything to the last detail.

The smile faded, and in its place there came something that I could not call "expression," something that did not belong to material things. It was the peace that cannot be described, that is indescribable.

She walked straight to the chair. She sat down with a dignity that made us all look small and feel tiny. She spread her arms for the straps. And then she closed her eyes.

Elliott and the wardens adjusted the straps and the electrodes. Somebody beside me gave a sob. A matron turned her head away and rested it on the shoulder of her neighbour.

The Warden, looking elsewhere, but not at Irene, gave the signal. Elliott stepped back and threw the switch.

A current of 2,000 volts streaked through Irene—once, twice, thrice!

I saw her body leap against

And words failed us all.

Out into the prison yard we went, silent, not looking at each other, and so into the rush and tear of the material world again.

They said she was a bad woman. But I thought (knowing she was bad) that if a bad woman can so become transformed because of affection for one man, to what sublime heights can a good woman go. For I and all of us had seen transfiguration in that Death House.

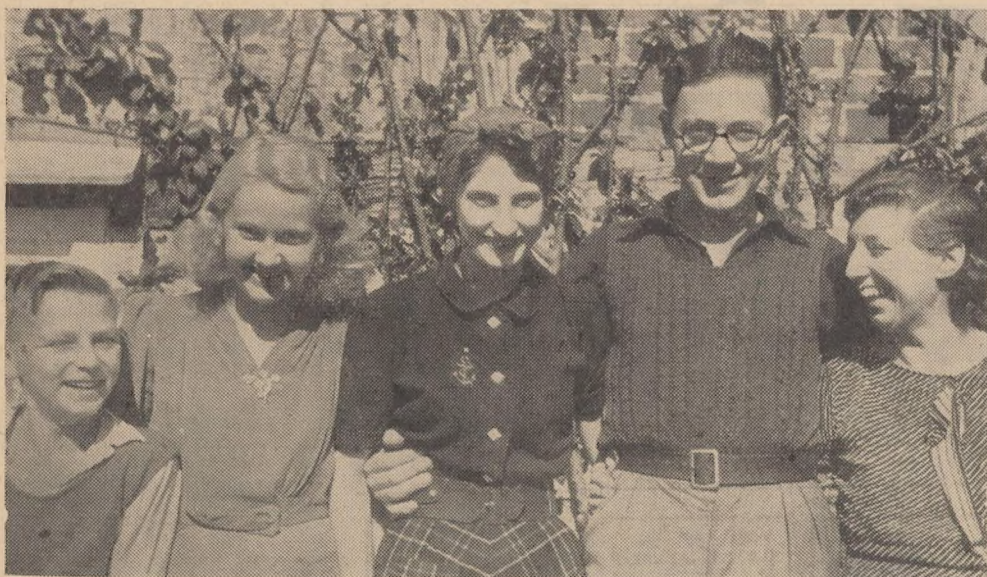
And she was only twenty-two years old.

DIGGER, FULL-TIME

FRANK HARRISON, of Myrtle Villa, Nelson, South Wales, is just about to celebrate his three-score-years-and-ten. Tough lad, Frank. He has played his part in the pick-and-shovel blitz at Welsh mines to get more coal by never failing to turn up at his job of pit engineman, whirling up the full trams of coal and sending the boys down in the cages.

You might have thought the old chap was doing his fair whack that way, but he determined to do a double war turn. He works nights at the pit, but after a few hours in bed he is up and digging in his allotment, which has been judged the best in Glamorgan.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1



These are headlines for O.S. Gilbert Ellis

WHEN we called at Rosemary Lane, Charlwood, near Horley, Surrey, we got all the news in breathless headlines, O.S. Gilbert Ellis. Here they are.

Uncle Bert is home on leave for nine days, and brother Len comes home on Monday, also for nine days. Ron has been home on 14 days', but was recalled. Mary is staying with Mother, and was to go back today (the 9th), but will now stay until Len goes back.

Grandad keeps fairly well.

Dad is thrilled at the thought of being demobbed from the Home Guard so that he can do justice to the garden.

Mother is looking forward to you and Dennis soon being able to shoot a few rabbits and catch some fish up at the lakes.

Barbara is engaged now, and very happy about it. Freddie Wickens and "Bubs" still go

to Brockham and Bear Green dancing on Saturday evenings, and wish to be remembered to you.

Ron went to France twice on D-Day, transporting paratroops, and was thrilled about it all.

Bert is hoping to go into the Navy any time now. Emmie is still not married. The garden looks lovely!



A Traitor's Carcase on a Dunghill—Poof!

THE private door, which was just under the princess's apartment, was soon opened, and Aladdin was conducted up into the princess's chamber. It was impossible to express the joy of those lovers at seeing each other.

Aladdin said, I beg of you, princess, in God's name, before we talk of anything else, to tell me what is become of an old lamp which I left upon the cornice, in the hall, before I went to hunt.

The princess Badroulboudour gave Aladdin an account how she changed the old lamp for a new one, and how the next morning she found herself in the unknown country they were then in by the traitor who had transported her thither by his magic art.

Princess, said Aladdin, interrupting her, you have informed me who the traitor is, by telling me we are in Africa. He is the most perfidious of all men; but this is neither a time nor place to give you a full account of his villainies. Tell me what he has done with the lamp, and where he has put it.

He carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom, said the princess, and this I can assure you, because he pulled it out before me, and showed it to me in triumph.

When they had talked some time longer, Aladdin took his leave of the princess, and went to the next town, and purchased a certain powder at the druggist's shop. He then returned to the palace, where he waited not long at the private door.

When he came into the princess's apartment, he said to her, Princess, take my advice, dress yourself this moment in one of your richest habits, and, when the magician comes, make no difficulty to give him the best reception; receive him with an open countenance. In your conversation, let him understand that you strive to forget me; invite him to sup with you, and give him to understand you should be glad to taste some of the best wines of his country. He will presently go to fetch you some.

During his absence, put into one of the cups like that you are accustomed to drink out of, this powder, and change cups with him. He will take it as so great a favour, that he will not refuse you and will empty the cup; but no sooner will he have drunk it off than you will see him fall backwards.

When the princess Badroulboudour was completely dressed, she consulted her glass and women upon her adjustment; and, when

she found she wanted no charms to flatter the foolish passion of the African magician, she sat down on a sofa, expecting his arrival.

The magician came, at the usual hour; and, as soon as he entered the great hall, where the princess waited to receive him, she rose up in all her charms, and pointed with her hand to the most honourable place, waiting till he sat down, that she might sit at the same time, which was a piece of civility she had never shown him before.

The African magician, full of hopes of his expected happiness, rather flew than ran, and returned quickly with the wine.

The princess, not doubting in the least but he would make haste, put with her own hand the powder Aladdin gave her into the cup that was set apart for that purpose. They sat down at the table, opposite to each other, the magician's back towards the beaufet. The princess presented him with the best at the table.

Before he drank he said to her, with the cup in his hand, Indeed, princess, we Africans are not so refined in the art of love as you Chinese; and instructing me in a lesson I was ignorant of, informs me how sensible I ought to be of the favour done me.

The princess Badroulboudour, interrupted him, and said, Let us drink first, and then say what you will afterwards; and at the same time set the cup to her lips, while the African magician, who was eager to get his wine off first, drank up the very last drop.

In finishing it, he had reclined his head back to show his eagerness, and remained some time in that state. The princess kept her cup at her lips, till she saw his eyes turn in his head, and he fell backwards lifeless.

As soon as Aladdin entered the

hall he saw the magician stretched backwards on the sofa. The princess Badroulboudour rose from her seat, and ran overjoyed to him to embrace him; but he stopped her, and said, Princess, let me be left alone a moment, while I endeavour to transport you back to China, as soon as you were brought from thence.

When the princess, her women and eunuchs, were gone out of the hall, Aladdin shut the door, and going directly to the dead body of the magician, opened his vest, and took out the lamp carefully wrapped up, as the princess told him, and unfolding and rubbing it, the genie immediately appeared.

Genie, said Aladdin, I have called thee to command thee, on the part of thy good mistress, this lamp, to transport this palace presently into China, to the same place from whence it was brought hither.

The genie bowed his head, in token of obedience, and disappeared. Immediately the palace was transported into China, and its removal was only felt by two little shocks, the one when it was lifted up, the other when it was set down, and both in a very short interval of time.

Aladdin went down to the princess's apartment, and, embracing her, said, I can assure you, princess, that your joy and mine will be complete to-morrow morning.

The very morning of the return of Aladdin's palace, the sultan went, by break of day, into his closet to indulge his sorrows. Collected in himself, and in a pensive mood, he cast his eyes, in a melancholy manner, towards the place where he remembered the palace once stood, expecting only to see an open space; but, perceiving that vacancy filled up, he at first imagined it to be the effect of a fog;

but, looking more attentively, he was convinced, beyond the power of doubt, that it was his son-in-law's palace.

Then joy and gladness succeeded sorrow and grief. He returned immediately into his apartment, and ordered a horse to be saddled and brought to him in all haste, which he mounted that instant, thinking he could not make haste enough to get to Aladdin's palace.

Aladdin, who foresaw what would happen, rose that morning by day-break, put on one of the most magnificent habits his wardrobe afforded, and went up into the hall, from whence he perceived the sultan coming, and got down soon enough to receive him at the foot of the great staircase, and to help him to dismount.

Aladdin, said the sultan, I cannot speak to you till I have seen and embraced my daughter.

He led the sultan into the princess Badroulboudour's apartment, who, having been told by him, when he rose, that she was no longer in Africa, but in China, and in the capital of the sultan her father, had just done dressing herself.

The sultan embraced her, with his face bathed in tears of joy; and the princess, on her side, gave him all the testimonies of the extreme pleasure the sight of him gave her.

Aladdin had not much to tell the sultan, but only said, that your majesty may not think that I impose upon you, if you will give yourself the trouble to go up into the hall, you shall see the magician punished as he deserved.

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



Aladdin ordered the magician's dead carcase to be removed, and thrown on the dunghill, for the birds and beasts to prey upon.

In the meantime, the sultan commanded the drums, trumpets, cymbals, and other instruments of music, to announce the public joy, and a feast of ten days to be proclaimed for joy of the return of the princess Badroulboudour and Aladdin with his palace.

Within a few years afterwards, the sultan died at a good old age, and, as he left no male children, the princess Badroulboudour, as lawful heiress of the crown, succeeded him, and communicating the power to Aladdin, they reigned together many years, and left a numerous and illustrious posterity behind them.

(To be continued)

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth, it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
George P. Morris,
1802-1864.

QUIZ for today

1. A coprolite is a fossil, coconut planter, inhabitant of Cyprus, metal oil lamp, snake, precious stone?
2. What is the difference between (a) Harmattan, and (b) Manhattan?
3. For what purpose is a metronome used?
4. Where is Lake Nyassa?
5. What is the capital of the State of Utah?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Smit, Smale, Smift, Smew, Smalt, Slype, Slyne.

Answers to Quiz in No. 477

1. Old-fashioned gun.
2. (a) On His Majesty's Service, (b) His Majesty's Ordnance Survey.
3. Malachi.
4. Not more than six hours.
5. Lady Godiva, through Coventry.
6. Solvent, Solder.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 3

1. How many ways can you think of in which glass and diamond differ from each other?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Grunt, Run, Rest, Fight, Speak, Sneeze, Swim.
3. If 6 times 12 are 72, write down 54, unless 8 times 9 are 63, in which case write down 48.
4. Three men had lunch at a restaurant, the advertised price being 10s. each. They gave three 10s. notes to the waiter, but when he got to the cash desk he was told that the price had been reduced from 30s. to 25s. for the three lunches, and was given 5s. change. He slipped 2s. of this into his pocket and gave his customers 1s. each change, so that their lunches actually cost them 9s. each. But three lunches at 9s. comes to 27s., and the 2s. the waiter stole makes this up to 29s. What happened to the odd shilling?

(Answers in No. 479)

ANSWERS TO INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 2

1. Killing in self-defence is murder in the first degree. False.
2. 10 spoils a series made by doubling at each step.
3. Peel.
4. Yes. The rotation of the monkey on the stump is quite independent of the movement of the other monkey round him.

WANGLING WORDS—417

1. Put everything in VEY and get a course.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make three English rivers: THE CIN. EAT GROUSE, NERVES.
3. In the following four poets the same number stands for the same letter throughout. Who are they? 74936, 5L974, 5R2W818G, 62U3H4Y.
4. Find the two hidden words in: Supposing the deduced arrangement for crop rotation is right, can a rye ever be sown after a wheat?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 416

1. Porch.
2. CAROLINA, MAINE.
3. Apricot, Damson, Cherry, Raspberry.
4. Car-pet, T-apes-try.



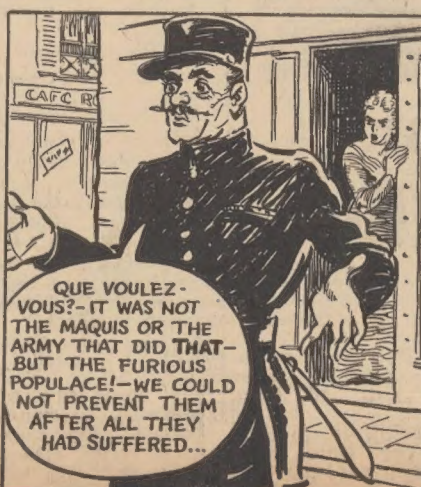
JANE

"I'm half inclined to fall in love with you."



THIS CAFE IS NO PLACE FOR YOU, MAMSELLE!—MADAME BONNEFEMME COLLABORATED WITH THE BOCHE—ENTERTAINED GERMAN OFFICERS THERE!

SO THAT'S WHY SHE COULDN'T KEEP HER HAIR ON?—POOR WOMAN!



QUE VOULEZ-VOUS?—IT WAS NOT THE MAQUIS OR THE ARMY THAT DID THAT—BUT THE FURIOUS POPULACE!—WE COULD NOT PREVENT THEM AFTER ALL THEY HAD SUFFERED...



AND ALL THAT FRACAS STARTED JUST BECAUSE I ASKED AFTER MY BOY FRIEND!

YOU WENT TO THE WRONG SHOP, JANE!—I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU I KNOW WHERE YOUR GEORGIE PORGIE IS—BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN.

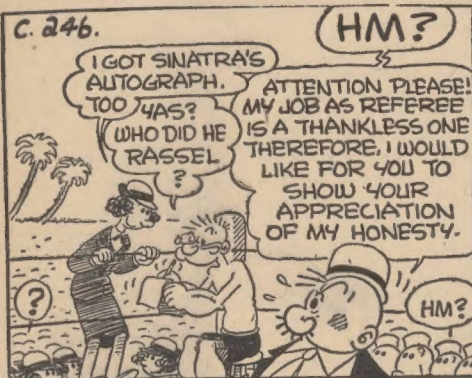
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



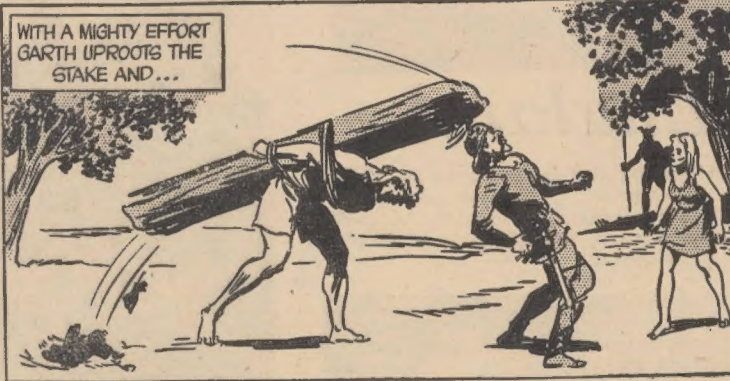
POPEYE



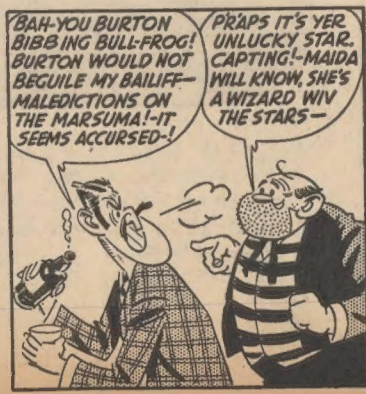
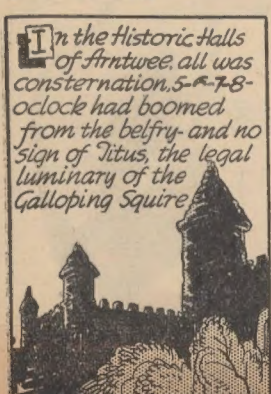
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Laugh You Sinners

"Doctor! My husband was asleep and swallowed a mouse."
"Go and dangle a piece of cheese in front of his mouth. I'll be right over."
When the doctor arrived he found the lady dangle a sardine.
"Hi!" he said, "I told you cheese."
"Yes," she replied, "but we've got to get the cat out first."

"Darling, we live in such stirring times. Let's spoon."

"Did you see me at the Skating Rink last night?"
"No."
"That's funny! I was on the floor most of the time."

"Before I was married, I talked and she listened. Then, after we were married, she talked and I listened. Now we both talk, and the neighbours listen."

"The old man is ninety and doesn't use glasses."
"Really!"
"Yes. He always drinks from the bottle."

"Were you a fireman in civvy life?"
"No, why?"
"When a dame passes, you always have your eye on the hose."

"To call her 'Sugar' nowadays really means something."

"He kissed me last night."
"How often?"
"I'm confessing, not bragging."

"So they laughed when you danced across the floor with a bucket of water."
"Yeah! But they stopped laughing when I began to 'swing' it."

Harry: "Why do you always call your wife 'angel'?"
Fred: "Because she's always going up in the air and harping on something or other."

Sympathetic Friend: "So your wife has lost her teeth. How does she manage to get along without them?"
Mr. Henpeck: "Oh, it's no bother to her; she still has a biting tongue."

Little Johnny, who loved the radio, was taken to church for the first time.

"How did you like the service?" asked his mother.

"Well," replied young Johnny, "I liked the music, but I didn't care for the news."

Mother, to neighbour: "I had a letter from Fred this morning. He must have got a job looking after the flowers. It begins:

"Dear Mother, I am writing this from the glass-house."

An employee of a large and flourishing business concern was given a paper to sign, which he regarded somewhat dubiously.

"Lots of reading on it," he remarked, as he perused it before appending his signature.

"There is," agreed the clerk who had given him the paper. "But I'll bet you didn't read your marriage licence as carefully as you're reading that."

"P'raps not," said the other. "But ever since I signed that I've been reading everything."

"Isn't your price for this parrot very high?"

"But it was brought up in one of the most fashionable families, madam."

"How do you know?"

"It always talks when anyone begins to sing."

Manager: "You're late to-day, Miss Brown."
Typist: "Yes, sir; I fell downstairs."

Manager: "Well, that didn't take long, did it?"

"See that you make your own pork pies," said the angry customer as he was leaving the ham and beef shop.

"We do, sir," answered the man behind the counter, who was under the impression that he was probably about to receive a flattering testimonial.

"Well," continued the customer, "I should like to make a suggestion, if I may."

"Any suggestion you care to make will be welcome, sir," smiled the other. "More than welcome."

"Right-ho, then. Let somebody else make them."

Village Storekeeper (who has been having a general tidy-up): "You want a poker? Now, that will be hardware. Let me see, where did I put the hardware department?"

Clerk: "I'd like my salary raised next week."
Harassed Business Man: "You'll be lucky if I can raise it this week."

Good Morning

"He's a chimp, champ — No, he's a champ, chump. Heck! What we mean is, he's a chimp and a champ, and we're the chump!" ★



POTTING TIME AT THE NURSERY

This has nothing whatever to do with begonias or geraniums—but, there, you've probably noticed that for yourself.



This England

One more village described by the inhabitants as "the most beautiful village in England." If your particular taste is for stone and timber cottages, vivid with the gold and green of lichens, then Lacock, Wiltshire, is certainly your place.



"I'm tired and I want to go to bed — Pay no attention to the bottle, please, somebody is trying to 'frame' me."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A frame up, he says. I can smell his breath from here!"



"Dear young lady, we regret we do not know your name. We only know that your foot is planted firmly on the first rung of the ladder and that you have won a contract with 'Two Cities' Films. Listen! The boys are giving you a big hand now."